Real men don't cry

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/36734974.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Categories:	M/M, Other
Fandom:	Mao Mao: Heroes of Pure Heart (Cartoon)
Relationships:	Bao Bao & Mao Mao Mao, Tanya Keys & Mao Mao Mao, Mao Mao Mao & Mao Mao Mao's Mother, Badgerclops/Mao Mao Mao, Mao Mao Mao & Shin Mao
Characters:	Mao Mao Mao, Badgerclops (Mao Mao), Adorabat (Mao Mao), Mao Mao Mao's Mother, Shin Mao, Tanya Keys, Bao Bao (Mao Mao)
Additional Tags:	Men Crying, Crying, Psychological Trauma, Implied/Referenced Homophobia, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Shock & Awe, Partner Betrayal, Friendship, Canon Universe, Minor Character Death
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-01-29 Completed: 2022-12-27 Words: 11,692 Chapters: 5/5

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by DYP

Summary

Everyone in this life need to cry sometime on their life. When you are severely injured, after a betrayal, or even after the death of a close one. Crying is normal, and expressing yourself is a good way to keep your mental health stable.

But this is not the case of Mao Mao. Living in a family where he cannot express his feelings to not damage his hero dreams, he doesn't know how to react to every bad moment of his life. Especially when his father put him a terrible idea on his mind.

Story of the different tragedies of the hero, without being able to express his defeats in a proper way.

Notes

This story is based on some bad stuff I went through childhood and my life, in a symbolistic way. Because writing it's always a good way to express my feelings, I decided to write this!

Also, thank you Kata for being my beta here.

Hope you enjoy this story!

Chapter 1: Nightmares

“Dad! Mom! Help me!”

The little cat's cries were heartbreaking, as if he was in mortal danger.

The echo of his voice was terrifying; it seemed that there was someone threatening him. It was three in the morning and anything could have happened at that time at home. Especially knowing the dangers that lurk in the dark.

The couple ran into the little hero's room as fast as they could. They pushed every obstacle out of their way, to see what had happened to their baby. Standing in front of the door, Shin Mao destroyed it in an instant with the power of his armor. The room was dark and the poor lighting from the windows made only a small section of the room faintly clear. However, they both managed to guess where their son was.

They both saw him in the corner of his room, his gaze lowered and blurred by his tears.

“There mom! That... that thing... wants to eat me...!” said the little kitten scared, and pointing his finger to an area of his room.

They looked at the corner where Mao Mao was pointing. Red eyes could be seen through the darkness, and the sounds he emitted were very low, but at a short distance, they sounded very gloomy. As his mother hugged him to tell him that everything would be fine, Shin Mao walked without problems to the light switch. He turned it on and the whole family looked with more determination at the monster mentioned by his son.

But the idea and perspective of him was greatly exaggerated. The light covered the room and revealed a puppet that was sitting on the ground, staring blindly at Mao Mao.

The baby just hugged his mother, and he started crying because of how scary he looked. It was a fear that he could not overcome, his skin chilled when he saw the ugly figure and he held his mother tightly. He didn't want to see his nightmare inside his room.

“And I thought it was a real monster. It would have been great to fight someone on this boring night.” Shin Mao replied as he approached the puppet.

Motionless, with an empty smile, and in that purple suit that expressed evil. That was how the little member of the family described the puppet. Mao Mao watched as his father picked up the puppet and slowly analyzed it. On his face, he looked disappointed at how his late date night with his wife had been ruined. A few seconds later, he began to put pressure on the puppet and with great simplicity; he squeezed it between his hands, destroying it and realizing that there was a small insect that was causing the noises. He stepped on the bug without thinking twice, and in the end, all went silent. But with the look on Shin Mao's face, it seemed that everything was not over yet.

“Get rid of the puppet honey, I need to have a conversation with my son.”

He threw the doll into the arms of his wife, and she, half angry, walked away without saying any word, so her son will not have any more night issues. However, she wasn't calm after hearing his words. She knew that he was not going to have a good conversation with him, and she knew she should be there with them, so Shin Mao wouldn't do anything stupid. But she knew that showing her worst side, would increase the chance of Mao Mao getting even more scared. She didn't like to see them fighting for his tears.

The least she wanted now was to affect her son because of him spectating the fight she could have with her husband. She already knew what was going to happen between the two of them. She knew how terrible of a father he was, hell, his words most of the times made Mao Mao feel worse; but she knew that arguing in front of him would affect her son mentally. She could easily stop Shin Mao. But not in front of her baby. She decided in the end to walk away, and decided that when she finishes getting rid of the puppet, she would comfort her son. It was difficult for Mao Mao to overcome such fear, and it seemed that his father didn't understand.

In the end, father and son were left alone. They were face to face, in the middle of a half-lit room. Shin Mao decided to break the silence of the environment with a direct question.

“Tell me Mo Mo, are you a girl?” Shin Mao asked him without hesitation.

Mao Mao looked up to him; he saw the serious look of his father adjusted to him “No... I'm not... a girl...”

“So? Why did you cry so much for us to come here?” His father said in a slightly stern tone of voice. He looked upset, but he didn't want to make the situation worse for his son. Or at least that's what he was trying to do. “You want to be a hero and something insignificant like a stuffed animal scares you.”

“But dad... he was scary... he was ugly and he wanted...”

But Shin Mao shut him up instantly. He didn't want to be interrupted “Son, please. Let's not talk about this anymore. The monster is already out of your room. He is not even alive to do you any harm. God, why can't you be strong like your sisters?”

Those words weren't nice at all, especially when he was being compared. Mao Mao had a fear of puppets since his last birthday, and he didn't like that his father considered him less just for that.

Shin Mao was a lousy dad to him actually. Lack of attention, annoyance for small things... for a few moments, Mao Mao wanted to be recognized by him. Just like his sisters, to be loved for being someone strong. But he didn't understand why he hated that he was afraid of something terrifying like a puppet.

“For the last time Mo Mo. Crying is not something that should belong to this family. It’s a rule we’ve followed for generations. Crying is an emotion that none of us should have. I will only accept it because you are still a child and you still don't understand that men like us are strong.”

And even worse, crying was an aspect that he didn't tolerate. He always considered that the weakest men were the ones that cried, and although it was normal in childhood to shed tears… it seemed that Shin Mao didn't understand.

Mao Mao stopped crying slowly, preventing more tears from falling to the ground. Maybe that way, his father wouldn't get mad, and he would become strong. Maybe he was right. Because why should a man cry?

“I have to go to the bathroom, so please son, no more tears, ok?” Shin Mao then began to approach the door. Mao Mao however, didn't want to be left alone. Especially when he knew that the puppet could come back. Or at least that's what he was thinking.

“Dad! Please, don't go!”

His father turned to see him, not understanding how a small child could have a great fear. “Mo Mo, What did I tell you? It is not ok to shed tears just over something small like a puppet. We are heroes, and we fear nothing.”

His dad carried him to his bed. Right there, Mao Mao covered himself between his sheets. He was trying to stop crying to prevent his father from being further disappointed. But it was difficult when he was under pressure. He didn't want to be considered less of a man, especially when he had the dream of being a recognized hero. He tried not to show weakness. He wanted to make his father smile. He was trying hard to hold back his tears.

Shin Mao sighed, and realized that he didn't need to make the situation worse. "Your mother is coming soon, my son. Please, stop feeling sad." Shin Mao said, trying at least to reduce the tension his son had.

Although panicked, Mao Mao was more relieved to hear that his mother was already coming after getting rid of the puppet. Among his entire family, he felt that she was the only one that understood him well. He thought she would help him with his fears and his tears, especially in a time when hardly anyone in his family took him seriously.

But sadly, that wouldn't be the last time for him where crying would play bad tricks on him. When you are in a family with low feelings, all negative words can stay with you permanently and affect you in a negative way.

"Real men don't cry Mo Mo. Keep that in mind." Shin Mao said before closing the door and leaving Mao Mao alone. Traumatized by the dark image of his greatest fear, and being humiliated for shedding tears.

Chapter 2: Count on me

“What did I do wrong?”

Mao Mao was asking questions to himself as he let the heavy atmosphere consume him. He didn't understand how it had ended so badly with her. For a good time, they both enjoyed going out to do bounty hunting work, going for walks and playing in their free time. They had a very cute relationship; one that he thought was inseparable.

And now, there he was. Alone, without her by his side, blaming himself for everything that had happened.

It had been two weeks since he had broken off his friendship with Tanya. A friendship that had lasted a good while, but had ended because of some big stupidity on his part. Everything they had started in a small bush in the woods, ended only because of a dumb fight.

His mother tried to tell him that it had been an accident. She heard his whole story, and even though she knew her son had exaggerated his words, she told him to have hope. She told him that strong friendships would always come back together, no matter how many fights they had. She mentioned to him to have faith. Everything was going to get back to normal.

And as much as he wanted to trust his mother's sweet words, they went in one ear and out the other.

He was afraid. It had only been a few weeks, but it seemed like years that he had been separated from her. He had screwed up pretty bad, and he didn't know if she would forgive him. But most of all, he was afraid that someone would see him sad and with water in his eyes. He was making the impossible to just express some discomfort, but deep down he knew he wanted to release more feelings.

He still remembered the phrases he mentioned to her on their missions.

As an attempt to make her see that the way of a hero was great. As if he wanted to guide her in good steps.

“I will be your light to guide you on the path of the law!”

“Count on me for everything! Because a hero will always be there to help you.”

At that moment, the young hero was sitting in the training room of his home, alone and unwilling to lift Geraldine. He was analyzing everything that happened, while his mind flashed images of his former friend, and memories they spent together. From when they met in a simple bush, to the objects they got and the meetings they had with certain bosses. It was an excellent time for him.

They started out doing missions together, recovering old relics and doing the work of any good bounty hunter without a hitch. They were a unique duo. Action, camouflage, and

perfect chemistry between the two. They were young people who knew each other for only a short time, but their skills were compatible on every mission.

But then, they began to see their low points.

Although both were great friends, they had a lot of differences in how they viewed the rules. While one respected the law, the other liked to go against the law, to play and break the rules without hesitation. Mao Mao respected all the health rules of a place, even trying to stay away from certain areas where there was a "No Trespassing" sign. He even respected principles that had come out of his hero code.

Tanya told him that it was too much of a stretch for him to follow that code perfectly, but Mao Mao argued that if he didn't follow them, he would make his ancestors "cry in shame".

It hadn't been a big problem, until months later; they saw the consequences of this incompatibility. Sometimes Mao Mao would refuse some of her food, making it look as if she wanted to corrupt him. And in his last days, he began refusing to go out with her because he had to prioritize certain hero rituals. He even once told her to her face that crying was weak when she felt one of her very few panic attacks. His hero code said that a hero was not supposed to show tears.

They were very unstable on that idea. And they degraded their friendship with that difference.

Until there came a point where she made him decide. Decide if it was more important to follow all the protocols of the law and his code than to protect their friendship. Because Tanya hated that he was such a perfectionist with the rules, to the point where he would follow them no matter if she would be left alone or if he would ruin their plans because of it.

And his response was the knife that ended up killing their friendship.

“I'd rather follow the law than lose my hero's courage for a disastrous girl like you.”

That sentence condemned his mind utterly. Mao Mao had said it angrily and mercilessly. Tanya didn't reply anything else; she was only disappointed in him, and jumped into the woods, quickly losing sight of him. Mao Mao tried to follow her, knowing that what he said was terrible. He never meant to be so rude to her, and sought to make amends for everything he had done. He didn't want to lose the one person he considered his friend for that time.

But she disappeared in the blink of an eye, leaving him alone again.

“Oh Me Mo, are you seriously feeling bad for some random girl? Come on, you shouldn't let yourself fall just because someone doesn't want to be with you anymore.”

His father's voice made him jump out of shock and he snapped back to reality. Shin Mao was behind him in his golden suit, as if he appeared out of thin air.

“Dad... What are you doing here?” the young man asked as he settled his composure and emotions.

“Well, knowing that your mother did a lousy job talking to you, I came to see what's going on. I'll be honest with you; I thought it was something more serious. But a friend? Did that really bring you down Mew Mew?”

Yes, a friend breakup had made Mao Mao feel bad. It was his first time going through a rough fight with an important person in his life. And deep down, he didn't like that his dad took it as just a minor problem.

“Tanya was someone nice to me...I don't know why I released my anger on her.”

What his dad didn't understand was that Tanya had been like his best friend. A friend who was fonder of him than Bao Bao. He still remembered when they first met. He didn't think he was going to have a nice relationship with her. In fact, there came a point where he ended up feeling attracted to her romantically. And he could feel that she had those feelings too.

But he also didn't think that he would be the one to break all his friendship and dreams with her.

Obviously, breaking the bonds of the friendship he had with Tanya had to affect him.

“You have to understand Mo Mo. If your friendship didn't work out or you had disagreements, you had to let it go. There was no solution to it. Better to be alone than in bad company. Because in the end, who of those people is going to care about your life? And did she ever care about you? Did she realize how important it is for you to be a hero? Don't you think she only focused on her goals rather than you? A hero focuses on himself only.”

No. Tanya might be somewhat rebellious, but it wasn't true the fact that she didn't care about him. In the end, she was the one who fought harder for their friendship. Much more than him. She prioritized her friend despite his foolishness.

“Tanya is not like that..." Mao Mao said lightly. "...she was a good friend to me...I was wrong...”

“Son, listen to me.” Shin Mao raised his tone of voice slightly. “You did what needed to be done. A hero always follows the rules to do the right actions, and leaving her to follow the hero's code was something that is very respectable. She's the fool, and I don't understand why you fall into the game of someone who doesn't even understand what it is to be a hero.”

“No dad...she's not stupid...but...is that what a hero does?” was the only thing that went through Mao Mao's mind internally. He didn't mention a word to him; he was silent at how he made his problem look like something useless, something meaningless.

He began to make little sounds inside his throat. Sounds of pity. He grabbed his tail and snuggled into it. He wanted someone's embrace. And it didn't look like his father was in the mood for it.

He wanted to cry on someone's shoulder. He missed her.

His reaction didn't go unnoticed by his father, who could see how his son was about to break down emotionally.

“Please son, not again.” Shin Mao showed some disappointment on his face. “You're old enough to not cry over these things. If that friend of yours left you, it's because she really wasn't your friend. Don't waste your tears on her. And you are a man, someone who must be strong in every situation. A hero never gives up his principles for something as stupid as a friendship.”

A lethal principle, but one that the code stated well. And so did his father. Mao Mao was a strong man, a man who wanted in his dreams to be a hero to impress Shin Mao. But if he was going to do it, he had to give up that idea of crying. Show a smile in the face on every situation.

Two big thoughts fell into Mao Mao's mind; the ideas of the code, and Tanya's friendship. Two ideas countered each other inside his head, while he did a battle outside not to show weakness.

“Alright dad...” Mao Mao said trying to hold back his tears. “I'm not going to cry. You are right... all this is to be a hero...”

This time, he managed to not cry. But that didn't take away the fact that he was more broken than before. Inside his heart he felt a great pang, and he wanted to be alone. He didn't want to say anything else to his dad, he wanted to impress him. To become a recognized hero by him. And he knew he would become one if he stopped crying or showing weakness.

“That's my son!”

Shin Mao stood proudly thinking that he had done a better job than his wife in giving advice to his son. He knew that with his way and advice he could become as good as his daughters. Of course, he didn't realize that he ignored him in many things, but he wanted to think that he did something good for him at last.

But Mao Mao didn't feel that he had solved anything. Moments ago he missed Tanya because of what he had said, and he didn't know now if he would get a loyal friend like she was again.

And now? He was left with more questions in his mind.

Was it right what he did? Was it right to lose a loyal friend to be a hero? Had he been a total mess? Could Tanya forgive him?

In the end, instead of helping him, it made him feel more doubtful about his guilt of losing a friend like Tanya. It also made him doubtful about whether what he did was acceptable. Now he was afraid that in the future, he would fall into the same mistake of losing a friend in the same way. Sacrificing someone he loved just to be a hero.

In fact, he was afraid of having a friend.

“And remember son. Men don't cry. Don't show weakness and diminish your courage just because you lost a friend. Disappointments like that happen. Get used to it.” Shin Mao answered him as he left Mao Mao in a huge dilemma.

Chapter 3: Double loss

Having an injury from a fall was a small thing. A young adventurer could heal from those in a few days and be back in action. But what Mao Mao had sustained was more than just an injury. Something that was going to leave a permanent mark on him.

He had lost his tail. In just one hit, a rock had caused him to lose a limb from his body, giving him hellish pain that he couldn't even imagine. All for trusting his friend too much.

He was lucky that some scouts found him while they were going through the cave where he was. He couldn't move what little was left of his tail, the pain was so excruciating that he couldn't move his legs properly because of the pressure the rock put on him when it fell on him.

They took him home as fast as they could. The first to react after seeing Mao Mao was his mother. The woman couldn't help but show her concern for what had happened to her son, she quickly took him to his bed and used her medical techniques to close the wound he had sustained, seeking to alleviate the pain he had had in his adventure.

His cries of pain were so loud, enough to make the hero let out a few tears. Around the house, his sisters were not commenting on what had happened. Some of them were worried about him, but others were focused on their own things. However, they knew that this could not distract them from their ongoing training.

Those were hours where Mao Mao went through a hell that even he couldn't imagine. It hurt his mother to see her son's suffering, but it was what she had to do to close the wound. Mao Mao couldn't control himself. He couldn't do anything to avoid his pain. And his thoughts were not helping him.

He was reliving the scenario in his mind. Running with Bao Bao, escaping from the cave along with the Amulet of Borflagon. A low-lit, rocky cave with a lot of stalactites and a gloomy atmosphere that concealed a hidden terror. They were pursued by a scarred monster, with a thirst for blood and an extreme aggressiveness towards them.

He held the rock that sealed the cave and waited for his friend to come out. He wasn't going to leave him behind, and helping people... well, that was what he loved to do.

He thought that after he came out, he was going to help him with the rock so they could both escape unharmed and untroubled.

However, he left him to his fate in the cave. Bao Bao ran off with the amulet, practically abandoning his friend. Mao Mao was left holding the rock as long as he could, while the dog escaped and left him alone. He didn't want to think that he had betrayed him; he didn't want to think that another friend was leaving him. No, maybe it was just a figment of his memory and he was going to come back to help him.

But just as his strength gave out and the rock shattered his tail, his worst nightmares came true again.

His mind just replayed that harsh moment. As if it was a broken record.

And a day later, there was only silence in his room.

It was late afternoon hours where the sun shined into the young man's room. Mao Mao didn't feel like getting out of bed. Although in reality, he couldn't get up. The pain in his lower body prevented him from walking. The most he could do was to sit, and wait for his mother's food or just lay there thinking while staring at nothing.

His mother told him that the paralysis was temporary, so he didn't have to worry. He was going to be able to go on adventures again, but of course, as long as he was careful with his body.

He was going to be fine physically. But mentally he wasn't. Again, another wound had opened up inside him.

He still couldn't believe he had been stabbed in the back. He felt sad. Sad for the fact that no friendship of him lasted long. First, he lost Tanya because a stupid obsession he couldn't get over; and now he lost Bao Bao to a betrayal. He gave his all in both cases, and the world repaid him with loneliness and a broken heart.

And the worst part? They had been his two best friends. In fact, they were the first two people he ever considered friends. Now they were no longer with him. Nothing went well for him even if he tried to act nice in front of people.

For a moment, he was scared about what his future was going to be like. Was he going to be able to be a good hero even though he didn't have his tail? Could he still be strong even though he ended up crying yesterday while his wound was being closed? Was he going to die alone?

These were doubts that were hanging over his head, until a familiar voice interrupted him.

“Son, are you there?”

Mao Mao snapped out of his trance and started to watch the figure of his father close to him. He didn’t see him entering the door, so his presence was really unexpected for the hero.

“Dad? What? Why are you here?”

“Well, your mom wants me to make you some company so you don’t feel alone after a tough day. You know, it’s good to have some father-son time together.”

It was at that moment that his body trembled a little. He sensed that something was going to happen, and he wasn't going to be able to defend himself. Instead of feeling relieved to have someone by his side, he felt very anxious.

It wasn't that his father was going to hit him or show his hatred against him, he wasn't that father figure that some people unfortunately have either. But his words didn't make him feel good. Now that he grew up, he knew that even though he wanted his father to see him as a great hero like his sisters, his own actions made his father see him as a failure. And he blamed himself for it.

He wanted to impress him, but after what he did, he didn't think he was coming to congratulate or comfort him for his mistake.

“Gosh, I see that punch really deflected your head too, right Mo Mo?”

Mao Mao didn't answer anything. The good vibes his father was trying to transfer to him had no effect on him. He just stared at nothing again, showing just disappointment on his face.

Shin Mao decided to change his tone a bit. He wanted to have a talk with him at last.

“How are you feeling?”

He couldn't excuse himself by saying he was going outside to get some air. He couldn't even say he wanted to go to the bathroom because his legs wouldn't respond. So he had no choice. Because in the end parents were to be given respect; he couldn't leave them unanswered or speak his mind in a bad way.

He decided to finally throw a few words in the air.

“I don't know. Lost. Betrayed. Alone.”

That basically summed up his whole current situation. He didn't speak with pauses, nor with the motivation he had every day. His voice sounded cold, empty.

“My tail and my so-called best friend... I lost them both, and at the same time.”

He didn't want to add the fact that he had also lost his innocence. Showing his low points and his losses was something a true hero didn't do. He didn't have to show weakness, he had to show strength. But he had to be honest with his situation; he wasn't going to say he was happy and ready for action either. He couldn't even stand up to pick up his katana.

He was afraid of how his father would react. He had all the factors that showed the opposite of a true hero. And to his bad luck, Shin Mao realized this in an instant.

“Looks like you forget what we have talked about some years ago.”

“What do you mean?” the little boy asked.

“Son, friendships doesn’t last forever. See what happens when you trust a lot in someone? You lower your guard, and you get stabbed the moment you get distracted. It happened to you once. And you didn’t learn from it.”

That incident with Tanya was not comparable to Bao Bao. Even though they were no longer partners, he still defended her.

“Dad. What happened with Tanya was something that was my fault. But Bao Bao… he left me by his own choice. He left me to die.”

“And that takes away the fact that you let your guard down by trusting your friendships?”

He didn't need a cold answer. But his father was right. Twice he thought having a friendship wasn't going to hurt him. And twice he ended up with a broken heart. And now, with a lost tail.

“Come on son, I've been through worse pain than you and look at me now. I'm in an armor being strong like nothing happened. That tail shouldn't hurt you so much.”

Mao Mao didn't answer anything. He just stood motionless, nervous to get another word out because he could think his father might interpret something else.

He didn't understand his pain. He was sure about it. And it didn't help that he didn't have that much empathy. But it was understandable. Those feelings were something not representative of a heroic figure.

For a moment, Shin Mao didn't want to think he had said something wrong. But he wanted to try not to make his son cry, because that wasn't going to help him when he grew up. So he decided to "try" to sound more explanatory.

“I'm going to tell you something Mo Mo. This incident you've had should be a double lesson for you. First, this won't be your only injury you will have as a hero. You have to be strong to withstand every pain from the enemy, because if you show weaknesses in front of them, you won't stand a chance against anyone you face. And second, don't rely totally on your friendships. That girl and that dog have made you suffer in vain. And all for thinking they might have a heart of gold.”

Inside his head, he felt his father was going a little too far. A spark began to come out of him, something small. A little spittle ran over his mouth, and a flame lit up his heart.

He wanted to answer him, wanted to tell him that he didn't understand his pain. Even though he was his father, he wanted to tell him that his advice didn't help him.

But the young man didn't know what to say, and the flame inside him went out as quickly as it was lit. His mind was full of sorrows and his eyes wanted to show the sadness of the betrayal that happened to him.

However, he held the tears inside him. The situation wasn't favorable for him, and showing himself weaker wasn't helping the situation. Shin Mao sensed that his son wanted to make a waterfall in his eyes, so he saw that it was better to let him rest. Perhaps with a fresh mind, he could take better account of his advice.

“As I always tell you son. Men don't cry. You have to be strong to endure pain if you are a hero. We men should endure anything in front of us, that incident shouldn’t mean anything to you.” Shin Mao said with coldness in his voice. “Rest son, we'll talk later.”

Mao Mao just wanted to explode. Express his sorrows. But he decided to hold back. One more time.

Chapter 4: Disappointment

“Welcome back Mr Shin Mao!”

Adorabat's voice was the first thing that greeted the hero when she opened the door. Accompanied by his wife and formally dressed, they saw how nice and clean the house looked. They were ready to be received as guests of honor.

“Dad! Mom! It's good to see you both again.”

Mao Mao smile seeing his family again, happy to know that they accepted his invitation. For the occasion, he wasn't wearing his normal hero outfit; instead he was wearing a black tie, a red flower and a white suit. He looked elegant, and wanted to show a great image to his parents. For him, it was a suit that fit him well so far, and he wasn't looking to change it for something else. Although in reality, he wanted to save money to buy more cobbler, so he was taking good care of that suit so he wouldn't buy more clothes.

That night was special for him. A night where he would reveal all the progress he made in his life. It had been a few years since he left home for his hero’s journey, and he didn't communicate with them much due to his job with the exception of phone calls. But he knew they were going to be amazed at how many things he was able to accomplish in Pure Heart Valley since the last time they saw each other.

Plus, he was going to reveal a big surprise to his parents. News that would make all generations of the Mao's happy. He was going to start a family, after a long search for his soul mate. Like some of his sisters, he was ready to take the next step for the future generations of heroes.

Shin Mao and his wife sat at the table, pouring themselves some water from a glass pitcher. The utensils were shining like pearls, and HQ didn't look disastrous as it typically did. Mao Mao and his friends had done a good job of making a decent presentation for both of them, and it looked like everything was going well.

Mao Mao told them that Badgerclops was cooking, and that he would be coming to sit with them soon, mentioning that they were going to be blown away by his food. He decided to sit with Adorabat and the four of them began to talk at the table. Adorabat began to introduce herself to Mao Mao's parents, mentioning the great adventures they had, and even showing drawings of them. Mao Mao mentioned that day by day, Adorabat was on her way to becoming a great heroine even though she was still very young. He emphasized her charisma and how strong she was to go out and fight.

While they were talking about it, Mao Mao was mentally preparing himself to talk to his parents directly. He knew that such topics with them had to be said in private, to avoid making any of his friends uncomfortable with what he had to say. He soothed his anxiety by chewing on himself, and took deep breaths releasing the bad vibes that covered his body. A few minutes later, Mao Mao finally had the courage to accomplish his goal, and decided to proceed with what he had in mind. He felt it was the best time to show how amazing he was.

“Hey Adorabat, would you go to the garage and bring us some more water?”

“On my way!”

The girl happily walked away to obey Mao Mao's order, while he took one last breath to have a private conversation with his parents. It was there that he began to talk about what he wanted. In those two years that he stayed in Pure Heart Valley, he was finally able to be a recognized hero. From defeating the Sky Pirates to defeating monsters that attacked the Sweetypies day after day, he finally managed to gain the respect and affection of everyone in the Valley, even the king himself. He mentioned each of his adventures with Badgerclops and Adorabat, even emphasizing how important they were in his life. Especially the badger. Saving people was something he loved to do with him, and repairing the crystal as they discovered its secrets were some of his best days he could have in his life.

As he told each experience of his, he remembered and mentioned the advice they told him when he was a child. He said that he made a new hero code for himself, and if it wasn't for them, he would not have become the defender the valley needed. The legendary hero that many admired for his strength and bravery, all thanks to his parents.

Although his mother ended up impressed by him, his father on the other hand, didn't turn out to be as thrilled as she was.

At every accomplishment he said, Shin Mao always made it seem not impressive. When Mao Mao said he defeated one monster, he would tell him he defeated five. When Mao Mao said he saved people from a fire, Shin Mao said he saved an entire community from toxic waste. When he said he climbed to the top of the Ruby Pure Heart Spire, Shin Mao said he had explored valleys and caves that were more dangerous than what he did.

Shin Mao denigrated his son's heroic achievements without him realizing it. Mao Mao started to think that the road ahead of him was too long, and he deluded himself with the idea that he was already a legendary hero after hearing his father’s words. It was as if his father was pulling him down from his cloud. A different treatment compared to his sisters.

For a moment, his expression changed to one of sadness, but he quickly hid it as he knew that wasn't appropriate for an important moment like this. At least that was the first piece of news, but he knew he was going to like the second. He was sure of it.

“Mom, Dad. I know you always told me that I should form a family to keep the hero tradition. And I really took it to the heart, because I wanted to continue the legacy of our family. And after a big search, and a big fight against feelings, I can finally say. I found the perfect man for my life!”

Shin Mao's eyes rose after hearing his son's words. It seemed that he had finally achieved something great, and the fact that at last a hero was going to have a partner was a great thing for the Mao family.

“Well, who is the lucky girl then son? Do you have a photo of her?”

Mao Mao blushed at his father's words. Technically he did have a love partner, but it wasn't exactly a woman. He pulled out of his pocket a photo of Badgerclops and himself outside HQ, both sharing a smile and striking a heroic pose. He pointed him in the photo, causing his parents to have a mixed reaction. While Shin Mao was left with a confused look on his face, Mao Mao's mother looked at the photo of the two with great joy and tenderness.

“Aww, is it him Mao Mao? Your friend from the department?”

“Yes mom. It’s him. Just like I told you. My right hand man.”

He mentioned Badgerclops with enormous excitement. He showed them a donut-looking ring on his finger. It wasn't one of the fancy rings made with precious stones. It was a doughnut ring, edible, but Mao Mao didn't look interested in seeing it as dessert. He showed it off with pride and joy, as if it was the best gift he had ever received in his life.

“We are going to marry soon! Dad, I finally got a true love on my side! I can continue with the legacy of the family!”

He was expecting a hug from his father, maybe some applause. From the look of his face, he seemed shocked by the news; you could tell he was almost unresponsive to what had happened. Maybe at last he could have made him proud. Maybe he could finally hear positive words from his father.

However, the surprise on his face wasn't for something positive.

“So. Is this supposed to be good news?”

“What do you mean by that?” Mao Mao asked, not knowing what was wrong.

“Come on son, you are better than this. I thought it would be a nice woman, a princess and maybe an adventurous girl like that Tanya Keys. And also, why a man? Like, you know families are not represented in that way, right?”

Instead of being greeted with joy from his father, his father gave him a cold and disappointed response. Mao Mao didn't expect him to look confused and strange. He thought that maybe he was going to make him happy for his progress, but it seemed he was mistaken. He was in a stage of denial, but maybe he could convince him that it wasn't a bad thing.

“Dad, I know maybe it's something you don't consider very much. But look how much I've done. I've become a recognized hero in Pure Heart Valley. I've managed to be a role image for the Sweetypies... I've been able to become a big hero, just like you. And now I have a true love. Badgerclops may have his bad points. But he has always accompanied me in my adventures, he is my right hand, the support I need for my life. We are a team that managed to do great things, and we want to expand to more...”

Silence covered the table, as Mao Mao hid a bit of his disappointment in a somewhat positive expression.

“Aren't you happy for your son?” Mao Mao was trying to force a smile, trying to make his father see the bright side. But the latter didn't know how to react. He had an empty look on his face, without any words to answer his son. It was as if he had received a bucket of cold water. But seconds later, he decided to say something. At least a true expression of what he was thinking.

“Well. That's progress. Not as big as your sisters, but that's good. Not bad Mo Mo.”

Mao Mao didn't need extra words to confirm that his father was uncomfortable. But he didn't understand why. When three of his sisters introduced their boyfriends, he greeted them with joy and a huge party. It was as if he was proud of them. But with him it had been a different case. He wasn't impressed. His face looked as if he had made a crazy decision. He didn't say it in rude words, but Mao Mao could tell that he didn't have the same happiness as with his sisters.

“Son. I’m so happy for you. I really appreciate you made this dinner to show us your achievements. You got so much in front of you, and your dad and I are proud of your progress. And I’m pretty sure the next generation of heroes will have good roles for their future.” His mother tried his best to convey her happiness to him, knowing immediately that Shin was bringing down his son.

However, the ill-planned words and awkward silence didn't make Mao Mao's parents look good, and Shin Mao's lack of response after his mother's words made the situation even worse. Mao Mao looked a little shattered. It was as if Shin didn't care about his son's achievements.

“Come on Shin, say something to him.” Mao Mao’s mother wanted him to say something nice to his son, knowing how annoying Shin Mao was during the whole dinner.

It was then that he started to talk. But not what she wanted to hear.

“Well, at least I hope our next generation can follow our steps like you said. If we have one, that is.”

Inside Mao Mao, the little faith he had in him at that moment was shattered. The entire table fell silent, with the three family members looking at each other without saying anything. Shin Mao didn't have much to say after that news. And Mao Mao didn't know how to react without exploding at the table.

Those words finally ended up tearing him apart inside him. He felt that he was doing everything wrong. Every stumble and failure he had was his fault. Every fear he had was because of his cowardice. Maybe at some point he was right, and he could understand that.

But now, every decision and achievement of his that he made wasn't something amazing to his father. He considered it as something small, something mundane. He didn't consider the effort he had made to be an important hero in the Valley. He didn't even consider how important Badgerclops was to his life. No support, no interest. Although Shin Mao disguised everything with jokes and sarcastic remarks, Mao Mao could see how he didn't take seriously the family dinner seriously. He took his words as a joke or as disappointment.

Just as Badgerclops and Adorabat arrived at the table, Mao Mao stood up, wiping his hands with his napkin and walking away from everyone.

“Mao Mao, where are you going?” asked Adorabat.

“I’m going to the bathroom, don’t wait for me. Eat now if you want.”

Both of his friends let him go, thinking he was really going to the bathroom. They began to arrange the food, while talking with Shin. He began to answer them with topics other than what he had discussed with Mao Mao, straying from the important topic of the dinner. His wife knew he had done wrong, and it was amazing how he didn't realize it.

“Goddammit Shin.” she said in a low voice.

While Badgerclops and Adorabat remained talking to Shin, the woman excused herself to get some air for a moment and went to look for her son. She could recognize in his look and in his almost broken tone of voice that he hadn't liked the way his father expressed himself at all.

HQ wasn't big, so going through certain rooms, he finally found Mao Mao in the dojo. The place was totally dark only being illuminated by the white glow of the moon. The hero was smashing his fighting dummies with his katana, uncontrollably, holding his rage inside. His mother knew he had lost his sanity, and she understood why. His whole dinner was a failure.

“You really don’t need to hide this son.” She finally said.

“Mom? Why are you here?” Mao Mao turned around his head to see his mother at the entrance.

“You know why. We are not reacting how you anticipated.”

Mao Mao continued to attack the dummies in the dojo with his katana, angry at what had happened. He wasn't upset with his mother, but it made him uncomfortable that everything was going wrong, especially with his father. She started to approach him, trying to find a way to calm her son after the whole mess.

“Calm down son, you don't need to destroy your things because of your father's words. I know he's someone you've had problems with regarding your things, but...”

“That's the problem! Nothing changes! I planned this dinner so that my dad would finally see that I've gotten someone I love, so that he'd see that I've already become a big hero like him, and this is how he answers me?! How do you expect me to be calm?!”

She understood that he had always been a competitive boy and sought to win and be the best at his job. She understood his anger, because, even though he had won, he felt like a big loser in his father’s eyes. And those habits continued despite the years.

She knew that now she needed to help him more than ever, especially at such an important night for him.

“Let it go if you need it son. Don’t let those demons consume you.”

Mao Mao's mother approached him, making him put down his katana with her hands. She knew her son was furious. His father's attitude had not been the right one, and she could do little to try to improve the situation. She felt useless for not being able to help him.

But she wasn't going to abandon him to suffer alone. Because he was her son.

“Every time I try to make him proud of me, he always brings me down. I've always wanted to be a wonderful hero like him, but nothing works. Tell me, Ma, what am I doing wrong? I just want to know the truth. What does my father have against me?” asked Mao Mao, with a disappointed face and lowering his head.

Mao Mao's almost broken voice no longer showed the same feelings as when he was a child. It was the first time Mao Mao felt something different against his father. Not disappointment in himself or sadness for not making Shin Mao happy like in his childhood.

It was annoyance. Rage against him. He hated his father's comments. He understood that maybe Shin Mao had a different personality than he did, and he as his son had to respect different positions. But that thing he had said at the table wasn't something immoral; it wasn't even something to disgrace his family. Shin made him feel inferior to his sisters. And he hated that.

“He has nothing against you Mao Mao. He just has… high and weird expectations… Your father might be a total idiot sometimes, and he is not someone who adapts change very well…”

Mao Mao could confirm his mother's words with those last minutes he had with his father. He didn't understand his personality; he didn't even understand that these present times weren't like his days. They had different life goals, and it was sad that Shin Mao didn't understand the effort Mao Mao put in.

“But hey! That doesn’t mean you are alone son. Even if he doesn’t pay you attention… You always told me how amazing your friend was on missions on the phone, and how happy you were with beside him. Every day you showed me that you found the right man for your life, and meeting him today really confirmed it. I’m really proud of everything you achieve son. Your missions, your new rank here, and your new relationship.”

Although it was a small thing for her, he felt his body return to normal. Calm came back to him a little at a time, as she stroked him on the head like when he was a child. She sought to cool his mind, and return him to the good Mao Mao that greeted them that night.

“So, don’t feel bad son. No matter the distance or your ideas, your mother will always support and help you in everything you do.”

Mao Mao raised his head and looked up at his mother, and a few seconds later she hugged him. The warmth from her made his anger totally diminish, and he remembered again the times where she cared for him and paid attention to him as a child. She was practically the reason he was still standing. She always comforted him since he was a little boy, one of the

few people who had true faith in him. That woman was his cornerstone. She was the reason why that bomb inside him didn't explode.

Mao Mao wanted to cry a little. To release the last bad vibes in a healthy way and avoid some disaster for that night. However, he decided to hold back the tears a bit, avoiding the waterfalls on his eyes. He didn't need to damage his eyes with it, and he needed to keep his sanity for that night. He needed to be a real man and a real hero. His mother was right, no matter what will happen with his father, no matter how much he couldn't impress him at times, at least he had in mind that his mother would be supporting him.

“Thanks mom. I really need this.”

His mother once again came back to comfort him. Just as she always did. It was amazing how often she helped him to stand up, even though he sometimes felt weak and foolish. One could sense that his family environment had not been quite right for his childhood, and even years later, some things didn't change. Mao Mao already accepted that fact because maybe it was childish things he complained about as a child. But this time he was a little affected by what happened that night.

Still, he knew it had only been an hour. Maybe the situation would improve in the next few minutes.

“So, shall we go with the rest of your gang to talk more about what you have in mind for your future?” his mom asked.

“Sure, let’s go.” Mao Mao said, calmly.

They both left the dojo and started heading to the table where they would finally have dinner with the deputies and Shin Mao. Mother and son were in a better mood and ready to end a good night despite the little problem with the young hero.

Mao Mao felt some calm knowing that at least someone in his family ended up being proud of what he accomplished in that time they were separated. And at least he knew that the romance with Badgerclops was sincere, so he had no fears about his future with him. But even though he had his friend's love and his mother's words, that didn't make up for the things his father had said. For a lifetime he had felt like a loser and someone weak, and he had finally made some wonderful accomplishments. Starting a family for the future, being a legendary hero.

But those little aspects of his father had once again brought him down. Once again, he felt annoyed from Shin Mao's words.

“Real men don't cry and make tantrums Mao Mao. Take it easy. This will be over soon.” he said to himself, avoiding being heard by his mother.

He decided to put up with his father's comments once again, listening to his mother's advice. As he had always done since he was a child. What he didn't know, was that it only made the fuse of a bomb inside him that much shorter.

And soon it was going to explode.

Chapter 5: Explosion

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Oh son, when I'm no longer here...”

It was one thing to suffer seeing his mother in a lousy state of health, as if she were a walking zombie, unable to do anything to help her. But it was another thing to suffer when she said strong words like that in front of him.

The years passed, and finally came the moment where someone starts to weaken. The moment where your body feels colder and your energy is scarce to go on. Death was looming over Mao Mao's mother, and even though she already saw that future in her eyes, she wanted her son to not feel bad about it. She would try to reassure him, saying that she had lived a nice life with him and her family. But starting to say that phrase brought Mao Mao down every time.

He hated that phrase.

“When I am no longer here, remember to bathe carefully.”

“When I'm no longer here, remember to take good care of your family.”

“When I'm no longer here, remember to keep yourself happy, honey.”

Hearing how she was already predicting her death was something that began to tear him apart from the inside. He wasn't afraid to take care of himself. He could do the most basic responsibilities while being a hero.

But the problem came in what was going to happen to him when she was gone. He wasn't useless at housework or as a hero. The situation came with his feelings.

He had defeated a lot of monsters and formidable enemies, showing his strength and without having any problems. But the battle he was about to have was one in which he felt fear for the first time. A mental battle in which he wasn't ready for, nor did he wish to face it. Days went by, filling him with worried and sadness. Seeing the weak figure of his mother hurt him. He couldn't believe that she was near the light, where day by day she suffered without any way to help her. She told him that he shouldn't focus too much on her, because in the end he had to continue building his future, and she would be accompanying him from the beyond. But Mao Mao didn't feel any better.

He didn't want to think about it yet. He denied it with his mind. He denied that anything was going to happen to his mother. Every day, he helped her eat and sometimes told her about his adventures with his husband and Adorabat. Maybe he could save her somehow, have her with him longer.

But the moment he feared the most came when he least expected it. The day when the world made him let go of her hand, taking her away from his life.

His mother said it was going to be a quiet night. She said she would be back in the blink of an eye. Mao Mao sighed and trusted in her mother's words, even though she told him she didn't want company. She wanted him to stay home and rest.

But hours passed, then three days, then a week. His anxiety increased every moment as he heard no news of his mother, and he began to search for her all over the valley. Even his family began to join the search, knowing that she hadn't come home. It was unusual for her to disappear for a long time, even though she was an adventurer.

Badgerclops had never seen that anxious side of Mao Mao. It was nothing compared to other experiences he had with him. He saw him more frightened, getting little sleep and refusing to eat. But for some reason, he was still energized to look for his mother. The badger was worried about how his husband's health was slowly degrading.

Until a few days later, while searching through the mountains of the valley, they managed to find a very peculiar figure. A black cat wearing a red cape, regular build and crystal glasses that shone in the sun. There sitting in a tree, with a lost smile and with her eyes closed, surrounded by the plants and the beautiful environment of the valley, was Mao Mao's mother. Or what was left of her.

Mao Mao tried to wake her up at that moment, without success. Then he tried at her burial, without success. And when he buried her, he prayed that at least she would wake up for a minute. All this while he endured the internal pain, denying everything that was happening around him.

That's when he realized that sometimes, heroes can't save everyone, not even their loved ones.

At that time, the whole family was gathered at Mao Mao's house. Father, siblings and the sheriff team. They had come to say a last farewell to the woman; you could feel the sadness in the family, but none of them tried to give a sign of real grief or anything about it. It seemed that they also had the same idea that fell on Mao Mao. Not to cry, so as not to look weak.

And although some were silent, saying vague words to try to reduce the pain, Mao Mao couldn't bear what was happening. His mother had passed away, and he couldn't cry properly. Just seeing his father's figure, his serious and unfeeling gaze, was enough to make him on the verge of losing control. The thought of his father haunted his head, and his expression showed that he didn't want anyone in his family to suffer with tears. He was out of his mind to have that idea after a loss.

The hero was tearing things apart around him, with no one controlling him. He was looking for a way to calm down; he was looking not to be weak for his family. It hurt him what had happened, but he knew that showing the waterfalls in his eyes was going to be a total dishonor.

However, that idea of his father was reaching its limit.

Tears began to well up in Adorabat's eyes, this wasn't the strong Mao Mao she admired and loved. He looked like a monster. His husband, after seeing how his behavior was affecting Adorabat, decided to act immediately.

“Dude, Adorabat is here”

Badgerclops wasn't looking to upset him; he was also worried about Mao Mao. But he knew that his actions were scaring Adorabat. His husband needed some time of peace, but he needed to do it differently. Without anger, without breaking things. He was trying to get the right words out, but it was costing him.

Mao Mao was on the verge of madness. He didn't want anyone to talk to him, not even his husband. What was worse was that his father's thoughts were stronger than he thought. Even though he hadn't said a word so far, he felt his idea still echoing in the walls of the house. He wanted to hold back his tears. He was a man, and men didn't cry.

“Dude, it was your mother, it’s fine if you…”

“Yes, she was my mother, and she was my company! And she was my friend, my partner and my angel! So what do you want me to do?! Be happy celebrating?!....”

“I didn’t mean it like that…” Badgerclops lowered his head, without knowing what more to say.

He went on to destroy a few more items in the house. None of his sisters had any idea what to do. They were without any incentive to move. But Shin Mao knew that his son was going too far; it was just a loss.

“Mo mo, that’s enough. I know we lost someone important in our family. We’ve been hit hard tonight, but that shouldn’t excuse us to act like crazy people and destroy everything around us.”

Mao Mao stopped his path of destruction and turned to look at his father. He was wearing a maniacal smile, but his tone of voice was terrifying and he wasn't looking for a way to calm down.

“You are so cold to not even show a tear now.”

“Because even if it’s painful, we should not show weaknesses. That’s what make us so special and strong.”

He couldn't believe the fact that even in the loss of an important person, he had this idea that no one should mourn. It was one thing to talk about the tragedies he had had in his life; Bao Bao's betrayal, the breakup he had with Tanya, his fear of puppets, and even his father's rejection of his marriage. But it was another to talk about his mother's death.

It was finally where he decided to mention his heart's desire. Perhaps the desire of almost all of his sisters.

“Look around you… every one of us want to release the pain in our souls… all my sisters, even me. How can you be so heartless to make us hold back what we really feel?”

His father still had that cold look on his face, keeping his idea mentioned a few moments ago. He didn't want to make the situation worse, but at that moment, he had the wrong words. And it looked like the bomb was about to explode.

“Because I don’t think it’s appropriate to cry. We should be strong even if we are dealing with…”

He quickly drew Geraldine from its sheath, and brought it close to his father's neck, not before punching him in the face. His friends and some of his sisters knew it was enough and tried to calm the hero. But he flashed a piercing glare at them, lethal enough to confirm them that it was going to be a mistake to approach him. They were all petrified, not knowing what to do. All this was going on, while Shin Mao was at the mercy of his son.

“Don't you dare finish that sentence. Not now. I have had enough of your stupid words. This katana at your neck, it's more than a toy now. I know she and you had disagreements, but you loved her. I did too. She was the only one who listened to me and supported me in all my failures. She was my father figure and mother figure at the same time. I'm sorry to say it, Dad, and I'm seriously sorry to find out too late, but she was the one who raised me to be a hero, not you. And I'm not going to let your words get into my head this time. Not again. She was my mother, and I deserve to release what feelings I have had bottled up inside. Everyone in this family deserves that.”

It was at that moment that he discovered the limits of his father's message.

Shin Mao lowered his gaze, feeling the anger and pain behind his son's words. He was right. She was his wife, and while he wanted to keep his "no crying" rule, he knew he was doing wrong in making everyone act strong. They had lost a pillar of the family.

“Fine.” was all he said, shame and sadness read across his face.

Mao Mao slowly put the katana away and laid his father on the ground, sore from the punch he received. Badgerclops approached to help Shin Mao, while Mao Mao walked away from the place. None of them thought of following him, knowing his situation. It wasn't the time to keep him company, or to approach the dark aura that covered the hero.

Mao Mao went out to the dojo, where the stars could keep him company. Or as his mother told him before she died, it was the place where he could visit her every moment, because she would be watching him from heaven, watching over him on every mission and giving him the energy to live on. She was proud of him, and she told him she would be even in the afterlife.

He stood for a moment, this time not hearing his mother's voice as every day. A chill ran through his body, probably her soul trying to be present. But Mao Mao's mind was at a loss to think of anything else.

He fell to his knees as he looked up at the starry sky. Remembering all the times she held his hand, remembering the affection she had given him at every stage of his life. Moments he

would never be able to enjoy again.

And finally, after a long time, he let his tears fall freely and without fear.

He didn't have the right words to address her. There on his knees, he felt weak, with nothing to say to her. It wasn't the same as talking to her in person. His gaze to the sky revealed a face full of tears, and a heart broken by the loss of a loved one. He was crying non-stop, crying much more than usual. He blew off his father's rule for a few minutes, ignoring the thought that had so doomed him.

This time he wasn't being over dramatic. Those feelings of sadness were true. He thought he was going to be ready, thought that maybe his mother was right and he could be strong, but he wasn't. The anxiety of his future and never seeing her again finally finished tearing the hero apart. It hurt much more than his other tragedies. More than his fear of puppets. More than his tragedy with Tanya and Bao Bao. More than everything terrible that happened in his life.

“Do you… think I’m strong… mom?”

And the worst part was that he didn't know what he was going to do after that night. Because that moment was his only opportunity where he could show weakness. Where he could show his tears. When everything went back to normal, he knew the thought of his father would haunt him again, like a stone in his shoe. Even though he took it out on him, it wasn't going to help him at all. And he couldn't do anything else to avoid that. His mother, the person who always comforted him and allowed him to release his feelings, was gone.

The world had taken away the one person he trusted more than his friends. And it was at that moment that a new fear was born in him. A fear greater than any he had ever had in his life.

He feared not being able to cry silently again.

Chapter End Notes

Must be tough to hide that weak side, right? It's disgusting to see some people thinking that men don’t cry, that they should be strong at all times. What a horrible idea.

Don’t fall in the same mistake just like Mao Mao… just like me. Your feelings matter, you don’t need to have the idea that being a man doesn’t allow you to let some tears out. There will be always someone supporting you. As a human being, you got all the right to express what's inside you, without no one limitating those tears and deep thoughts.

Because hell can exist in your mind too. And if you don’t lay those demons to rest, they will haunt you forever.

Thank you for making me company during this fic! Being a bit tough to write, but we are done. It's not my last Mao Mao fic, but for now, I'm happy to see all the small

support I got in each chapter. My dear reader, you are awesome.

And especially, I want to say thank you to my beta reader, Kata! She was someone who got my back in every chapter, and I want to mention her here, because she deserves some credit too. Follow her, she is an awesome artist and writer! You can find her as @BlankTotal in Twitter.

If you want to know more about me, my next stories and some other things in life, you can follow me in twitter as @DYP_Lf or follow me in Wattpad with the same tag.

Until the next time my dear reader! God bless you!

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